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JESUS, THE SON OF GOD.

A SERMON BY A WESTERN MINISTER.

"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." — 1 JOHN iv. 15.

THAT Jesus was emphatically the Son of man; that he was the best and wisest of our race of whom history gives any record; that, in him, human nature appears to have reached its highest point of development; that he united in himself the most various virtues, — being at the same time the firmest and the mildest of men, combining practical knowledge of mankind with high enthusiasm for eternal objects, and, while opposing the whole civil and ecclesiastical power of the nation with a calm and undaunted courage, humbling himself to wash his disciples' feet, and to bless little children; self-denying without austerity; having all of poverty but its pride, and all of holiness but its contempt for the sinner, — this all candid observers agree. He had no place to lay his head, but had no prejudice against those who lived in palaces. He was innocent as the unspotted lamb, yet understood well the power of temptation; and, feeling that "to step aside was human," was full of heavenly mercy and love toward the sinner. A character like this, painted

by the artless pencils of the simple evangelists, has commanded the heartfelt reverence and homage even of pagans and infidels. If the Mahomeddan and the citizen of Geneva reverence the son of Mary for the wonderful loveliness of his character, no wonder that Christians should rejoice in seeing there the model of human excellence and the example of human virtue.

But, if Jesus is called in Scripture the Son of man, he is also called the Son of God. If connected with human nature, he is connected also with eternity and God. If united with men by human sympathies and feelings, he is distinguished from them by being the chosen representative and delegate of God. He was singled from the whole race to bear the divine image, and become the great Mediator between man and God. On this view, Scripture lays great stress; for here lies the foundation of our religion. Here the line is drawn; here begins a difference of opinion. The confession that Jesus is the Son of God is the corner-stone of Christianity. Other foundation no man can lay; other foundation none have ever attempted to lay; though mighty is the fabric, for good and evil, which has risen upon it. Systems and philosophies and theologies; opinions of every class and kind; gold, silver, precious stones; wood, hay, and stubble, — have been piled up together on this basis.

The meaning of the phrase "Son of God" must be gathered from the places where it is used, like that of other terms. And, fortunately, there is no difficulty with respect to this. It is used so frequently, and in such various connections, that its meaning is easily ascertained, and has never been much disputed. It signifies that close connection which subsisted between the soul of Christ and the Infinite Spirit, which fitted Jesus to be the representative of God among men, the expression of the Divine

Character and the Divine Will, the infallible Teacher, the perfect Guide, which was proved by demonstration of the Spirit and the working of wonders. And now I shall proceed to show why such a faith is made so prominent in the Bible; how it is that it is the fountain of Christian life in the soul; how it acts in purifying the heart, — bringing it near to God, and filling it with love toward him and all his creation.

I shall attempt to explain how it does this, not to prove that it does it. I know there are some who willingly look on Jesus as the wisest and best of men, but deny him all claim to be the Son of God. But I shall not enter into an argument here upon the evidences of his miraculous character, but only invite them to look at the practical operation of the faith they reject. I know also that there are others who think a belief in Christ as the Son of God is far from being a sufficient foundation of religion. They have a long catalogue of articles besides this, which they consider fundamental and essential. But I cannot stop to argue with these. Our text asserts, that, "whosoever confesses that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." Other passages declare that such a believer is "born of God," and that he "overcomes the world." Now, if a faith by which we are "born of God," and "overcome the world," cannot make us Christians according to some persons' view of Christianity, we only say that their view of Christianity is a very unimportant matter. If God dwells in us, and we in God, by the power of this faith; if we can attain so far as to be born of him, — we will leave all higher attainments in piety to those who hold a more orthodox doctrine.

I proceed, therefore, to show how a faith in Jesus as the Son of God is necessary and sufficient to supply the wants of the intellect, the heart, and the conscience of man. No

one, who has a mind, a heart, and a conscience, can do well without this faith; but this faith, simple as it seems, is fully adequate to meet all those wants, and to be in the heart "a fountain of living water springing up into everlasting life."

Believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and you have the essence of Christian salvation within you. It is a simple doctrine; but it is momentous and vast in the consequences which will follow its genuine and sincere reception. Genuine and sincere the reception must be: no mere hearsay faith, no superficial assent, no cold intellectual acquiescence, will answer. You cannot believe with another man's understanding: you must use your own. You must be like Peter, to whom flesh and blood did not reveal it, but his Father in heaven. The light by which you see it must come from God, not man. Into the depths of a sincere and faithful heart, meditating upon its wants and the character of Jesus, God will always pour conviction. You must be able to say to your religious guide, "Now I believe, not because of this saying; for I have seen myself, and bear witness, that this is the Christ, the Son of God."

Faith in Jesus as the Son of God is needed by the mind of man. Some certain light, such as does not come from the torch of nature or the lamp of reason, is needed on the three great subjects of God, duty, and futurity. Who is my Maker? I see dim traces of his hand around me and within me. A forming and arranging and superintending intelligence appears in all the operations of nature. But I see not God. I go forward, — he is not there; backward, and I behold him not; on the right hand, and I see him not; on the left, and I cannot perceive him. Yet all around, above, and beneath are his footsteps; and the echoes of his voice are heard in every breeze that passes. And what is my duty? What ought I to do to be worthy

of his love and my own respect? Something I ought to do: what is it? There is a right and a wrong, a truth and a falsehood; my heart tells me so: but what is it? And, oh! the future, — who shall solve its sphinx-like enigma? What is the meaning of death? what the destiny of the spirit? Life never dies: matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere. But where does it live?

Are not such questions natural? Must they not arise either clearly before the consciousness, or be dimly felt — not seen — in the restless and discontented and weary feelings of a troubled spirit? Suppose that any one of us were carried in slumber, and laid in the depths of some subterraneous dungeons stretching beneath the foundations of a massive building. We suddenly start up, and look around us. Where are we? Where will these dimly lighted passages carry us? Into whose power are we thrown, weak and defenceless? Suppose that, after we have spent hour after hour in vain attempts to escape from this entanglement, we see some one approaching who proves able and willing to tell us where we are, and what way we must take to get into the free air: he will be our guide. He offers us nothing but knowledge: yet knowledge, on these points, is of inestimable value; and a burden of care is at once taken from the mind. But, without faith in the Son of God, what is this world but a mighty labyrinth? Why, it sometimes seems a wonder that the human mind is not crushed by the load of mystery which presses upon it; it seems a wonder that men can live so quietly in their ignorance; it seems as if the whole world would be driven mad by the inexplicable problems which are behind and before us. And so we should, did not the things close around us so fill the eye and engage the affections, that we seldom stop to meditate on these wonders. God has kindly placed the world in our heart, so that no one finds out

his work in it. But whence came we? and what has been going forward during the eternity which passed before we emerged on this little speck of time, this earth-island in the ocean of infinity? and where do all these gloomy paths lead? This fearful valley of death — what lies beyond it? This still more terrible gulf of sin — is it indeed fathomless? and can no ray of mercy penetrate it, no hand of love pluck the poor wretch from its dreadful bosom? What is the meaning, and what the tendency, of life, with its tears, its sins, its labor, its love and hatred, its hot desire and gloomy disappointment, its joyous youth, its earnest manhood, its trembling age? To what do they all tend? Where will they lead us?

It is necessary that these questions be answered with some certainty, or there can be no peace to the mind. On these points, the human mind cannot bear conjecture or uncertainty. I grant that there is not one person in ten — perhaps not one in a hundred — who thinks about these things, or is conscious that he would be happier for firm assurance upon them. But still he does need this truth, this knowledge, this assurance; and, till he has it, there will be a burden on his mind, a weight of anxiety and care, which he never can shake off. The man in the dungeon may forget his situation; he may turn his thoughts and attention to some other subject than how he is to escape: but, whatever he does, there will rest upon his mind a burden of anxiety, which will not pass away till this knowledge is given him. So three-fourths of the uneasiness and unhappiness of mankind come from this source, of which they are not conscious. They want truth; they want light. If they once gained certainty with respect to God and eternity, all the trials of life would seem trifles, and have no power to disturb them.

But, except Jesus is the Son of God, we cannot have

this assurance. Philosophy cannot give it; the broad book of Nature does not contain it. There are hints and indications and hopes and conjectures everywhere; but there is no assurance. But, if you can see in Jesus the certain traces of divine authority, there is what you want. His promises, his teachings, are plain. The clouds roll away from the future. "Because I live, ye shall live also," solves all difficulties.

But faith in Jesus as the Son of God is enough for the wants of the mind. There are many who wish to know more. There are many whose minds are perplexed about great and difficult questions: the origin of sin, the reason why pain and evil prevail in the world, human freedom, and divine foreknowledge, — they want to have these difficulties solved. But for no practical purpose is it necessary. The important question is, not how sin got into the world, but how it shall be put out of it; not how our freedom consists with divine foreknowledge, but how to use our freedom to the greatest advantage, and draw the greatest comfort from God's omniscience.

2. Faith in Jesus as the Son of God is necessary for the heart of man.

We should call a man unhappy who knew not what it was to love any human being, — one who had no parent or spouse or child or friend to love. He must be an unhappy man; because the heart was made for love. What a pathos there is in the words which Cowper has put into the mouth of Selkirk on his desolate island! —

> "I am out of humanity's reach;
> I must finish my journey alone;
> Never hear the sweet music of speech;
> I start at the sound of my own."

How large a part of human happiness lies in the exercise of our social affections! But we have other affections

than earthly. We are capable of a higher love: we were made for it. Our heart was fitted to love God, our heavenly Father, our spiritual Friend. If we do not love him, we are unhappy, because we are deprived of the highest joy of life. There is a feeling of insecurity mingled with our affection for all earthly things. That dear little child may, you know not how soon, be snatched from your arms by death; that warm friendship may be chilled by distance, by misunderstanding; whispering tongues may poison its truth; the altered eye of hard unkindness may freeze the most trusting devotion. But, if all those earthly affections have their root in a deeper and holier affection for God, the change which passes over them cannot wholly destroy them. Religious people sometimes use a language which implies that we may love our earthly friends too much. This is a mistake. We may love God too little; but we cannot love our friends too much. If you love your husband, your wife, or your child, more than God, you need not love them less, but you should love God more. This will increase and sanctify, and purify from all selfish taint, all other affections. Love for God enlarges the heart, and enables it to pour a fuller stream of affection over all its objects.

But how can we ever love God, except through his Son? Such a thing as a childlike affection for God was unknown to antiquity in the brightest days of its civilization: it is unknown to Paganism now. The gods of Heathenism are terrific and arbitrary powers, which delight in blood: they cannot be loved. The God of reason is too remote, too abstract, too impersonal a being to be loved. We see the operation of his mighty laws; we study his wisdom, his benevolence, his powers; we see all his attributes. But who can love an attribute? It is personality, it is character, which we love. We are brought near to God, only as we

see him revealed in his Son Jesus. It is through Jesus Christ, the Mediator, the brightness of God's glory, and express image of his person, that we can feel a personal love for the Almighty. The glorious sun, which is too dazzling for the eye to look upon, suffers its image to float upon the liquid surface of the water, and to be contemplated in softened effulgence there; and so God, whom no man can look upon and live, veils himself behind the laws of Nature, but lets his image be reflected in subdued majesty and beauty in the face and character of Jesus Christ. And we all, beholding as in a glass the glory of God, are changed into the same image, — are brought near to him; and, in the language of the text, "God dwells in us, and we in him."

Faith in Christ, then, as the Son of God, or the image and representative of the invisible God, is necessary to create love for him. We must see God in Christ in order to love him. God must be manifest in the flesh; and this is the true and practical view of the divinity of Christ. Christ is divine, not because he is God, but because he is the image of God, — because God is manifest in him, and the fulness of his character dwells bodily in him. The first man was created in the moral image of God; and, were it not for our imperfection and sin, we should all be the images of God. But, fallen and perverted as our glorious powers are, there is one of our race who can be called God's image; and that is Jesus; for he alone was without sin; and we can learn to love God in and through Christ.

This view is necessary (is it not sufficient?) for the heart. We are sometimes told that the religion of Unitarians is cold, formal, logical, — too much a matter of the head, too little a concern of the heart. I dare say it is so with us; as it is, I fear, with others. This seems to be a very com-

mon fault. It is too often the fact, I am afraid, that religion is looked upon as speculation rather than as love. But I know not why it need be so. In the view just given, is there not ample scope for the exercise of love? Is not God, manifest and dwelling in Christ, an object of affection? Does it not bring us very near to our Father in heaven to think of him as possessing all that unchanging mercy and grace and loveliness, that benign sympathy with human affections, human sorrows, human joys, and human hopes, which beautified the life of Christ? Does it not bring God into our very homes and bosoms to go with Christ to the marriage-feast, to stand with him by the tomb of Lazarus, to sit with him at his passover, to weep with him over Jerusalem, and to regard him everywhere as the image of God?

3. But faith in Jesus as the Son of God is also necessary for the conscience of man.

For man is a sinner; not totally nor naturally so, but still a sinner. I do not mean that he is merely imperfect and weak: I mean something more. I mean, that when in earnest in examining himself, with a desire to do his duty, he finds in himself tendencies and desires toward what he knows to be wrong. The good which he would, he does not: that which he hates, he does. Finding in himself, as every sincere man must, these constant tendencies to disobey God, — finding how weak are his resolutions, and how strong is temptation, — the burden on his conscience becomes very heavy. He feels as if he dare not approach God: he is an alien, unholy, and must stay afar off, until he can by some means purify himself and become better. But he never can become better while thus remote from God: he must come to him to get strength. The conscience must be relieved by a view of God's mercy, or he remains in a state of indolent and despairing inaction.

This is the history of the mass of men. This is the reason why men cannot pray, and cannot think of God, and do not love to approach him. It is the weight of unforgiven sin which repels them from his holy presence. It is a secret consciousness which makes them say, like the centurion to Jesus, "Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldst come under my roof."

It is therefore necessary that they should have some ground of assurance that God is willing to forgive their sins, when they are willing to arise and go to him; that though they should go from him seven times in a day, and seven times in a day return, saying, "I repent," that he will receive them; that, if they confess their sins, he is faithful and just to forgive their sins, and cleanse them from all unrighteousness.

It is not, you see, a probability of forgiveness which we want: it is a certain assurance. Nothing less will answer. It is probable, from what we see of God in nature, that his rain falls and his sun shines on the evil and unthankful; it is probable that he will forgive sin. But we want to see his love; and we can see it only in Jesus Christ, who was lifted up, like the serpent in the wilderness, as a manifestation and expression of the love of God toward sinners. The simple fact of the crucifixion, and of Jesus in his agony saying, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," will do more to encourage the sinner to come to God, and be forgiven, than all the abstract reasonings that could ever be brought together.

And this is enough. If we believe that Jesus was the Son of God, then we believe that he had power on earth to forgive sins. If he was a divine ambassador, and has shown, taught, and himself visibly exemplified, the divine mercy, here is what will quiet the conscience, and speak peace to its troubles and despair. There are those, to be sure, who think it is not enough, and that we must under-

stand all the theory of redemption, — by what means the atoning sacrifice appeased God's displeasure; and how an infinite victim satisfied the justice of God, and made vicarious suffering a substitution for the punishment of the world. They tell us we can have no peace in our consciences till we believe all this. But I put it to your good sense whether it is so. Suppose you should go to that man whom Jesus healed, and ask him about vicarious sacrifice, and whether he understands the theory of the atonement. He will reply, "No. But one thing I know: that he said to me, 'Be of cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee:' and that he had power to say it, he showed by healing me."

Application.

Infidel. You believe Jesus to be a wise and good man. You see that something more is necessary to your mind, your heart, and conscience. Labor, then, for that conviction.

Bigot. You, who extend the code of essentials, look at this simple proposition: "I can't see how a man can be a Christian, and not believe thus and so." Neither could the disciples see how a man could be a Christian who followed not them. Your controversy is with Christ and his apostles, not with me. If Christ were here, you would dispute with him. You who believe, or think you believe, be sure that your faith is a living one. "What profits it, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith?" If, then, you believe that he is the Son of God, you will study the truth he has brought as a light to your feet; you will love to approach God, through him, in prayer; you will be happy in the consciousness of forgiven sin, and not keep yourself away from your merciful Father. If you act thus, you have faith in Christ: otherwise it is no faith, — it is dead.

A HALF-HOUR AT THE ROOMS OF THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION.

Possibly there are persons who do not know the extent and labor of the Western Sanitary Commission, the headquarters of which are located in this city. Let us step in at No. 10, South Fifth Street, for a few moments, and see what is going on there. The first object which attracts our attention is the activity of some four or five men, busily engaged in arranging articles for shipment to the various points where the sick and wounded of our brave army are lying in hospitals. On one side of the room are arranged on shelves a large quantity of warm home-made socks, suitable for hard service in long marches over rough roads; indeed, too good to put into such outrageously made shoes as some of the contractors palm off upon the soldiers, and which only last four days! Here are piles of warm comforters, made by fair hands far away, and whose sympathies are with the "bold soldier-boys." In another corner of the room is a pyramid of pillows and bedding — a towering monument to humanity — sufficient to ease the aching head of many a patriot. Yonder is a box full of bandages, of convenient width, and a very important article for hospitals and nurses; then the reading-matter, of which it would seem there is no lack, — for *our* soldiers love to read, — magazines, illustrated English and American papers, Irving's works, Cooper's, Scott's, Dickens's, and Bulwer Lytton's writings, Bibles and prayer-books, &c., enough to supply three armies. One part of the large room is devoted to delicacies for the sick, where are laid away for distribution jellies in cans, elder and currant wine, corn-starch, farina, dried fruit, coffee and tea, oranges and lemons, and a thousand other things we cannot remember.

On some of the packages, particular directions are written as to whom the contents are intended for. Glasses of jelly, standing in rows, neatly put up, were directed as follows: "To one that needs it;" "For the major;" "For the sick colonel;" "For a sick private, from Willie;" and so on. How much happiness it has afforded the generous hearts that answered to the calls of the sick to thus forward articles which will be in grateful remembrance by those who are the recipients of them when "wars, and rumors of wars," are no more!

WHERE THE ARTICLES COME FROM.

A good many persons wonder where all of these things come from. Well, let us inquire of the Secretary, Mr. Ripley. He tells us, when an "appeal" from the President came, as earnest as that which was made a few days ago, there are responses full and generous from all over the land, at least where Union-loving people live. The little town of West Roxbury, Mass., sends her quota; then the Salem folks wake up, and away goes a large box of necessaries for the West. From Maine to Delaware, busy fingers are at work for the soldiers.

HOW THE ARTICLES ARE DISTRIBUTED.

When the news of the Pea-Ridge battle was received, it was known that a great amount of suffering must be the consequence of so terrific an engagement; and the employees in the Commission were at work the whole of one night, getting boxes ready for transporting to Arkansas.

The next day they were started; and, at the present time, seventy-five large boxes of articles for the sick and wounded soldiers of the South-west are being distributed amongst our men. Nor is the river district overlooked. Two large steamboats have been converted into hospitals to follow the army, and, in the event of a long and bloody engagement, to be ready for emergencies.

The importance of the Western Sanitary Commission in this war, in Missouri and Tennessee, cannot be overestimated. How much has been done to relieve the sick; to heal the wounded; to restore the soldier, when incapable of further service, to his home and family! Through the efforts of a few individuals, who have this Commission in charge, are we indebted for the success it has thus far attained; and to the loyal and generous hearts in different parts of the country, who so gladly give up their abundance for the sick and distressed. Let us, too, remember them; and let the recipients of their bounty remember that —

> "The quality of mercy is not strained:
> It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed, —
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."
>
> *St. Louis Democrat*, March 26.

ORGANIZATION OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

On the 5th or 6th of December last, I received a letter from a gentleman living in the interior of New York, whom I do not remember ever to have seen, informing me that himself and some of his neighbors were about to gather themselves into a Congregational church, and requesting me to give him as minute an account as I might deem necessary of the organization of such a church. The following letter is my answer. By some mishap, it never reached my correspondent. In due time, it was sent to the Dead-letter Office in Washington, and, a few days ago, came back to me. Thinking it probable that there may be other persons in different parts of the country who do not know, and would like to know, how our Congregational churches are organized, I send the letter to you, — to be published in the Unitarian Monthly, if you think it worth while to put it into print.

Yours truly, S. J. M.

Syracuse, Dec. 10, 1861.

Dear Brother, — The organization of our Congregational churches is very simple, but strong and effective enough.

Each church is independent of all other churches, in every respect, excepting only their good opinion. It is a small Christian democracy, enacting its own laws, choosing its own rulers, giving them what titles it prefers, and assigning them such powers as it thinks best. Usually, as in the case of our church, we have a Board of Trustees, with a Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer, who attend to the pecuniary affairs of the church, — the raising of the minister's, chorister's, and sexton's salaries, and whatever moneys may be needed to defray all other expenses; and this is the corporation known in law. Then we have two deacons, whose duty it is to minister to the church in the administration of the Lord's Supper, and in gathering and disposing of the contributions that may be made from time to time for charitable purposes.

Where a number of our churches are located within convenient distances of each other, they generally form what is called an Association. This, however, is a body having no ecclesiastical power. It is merely a friendly union for the purposes of good fellowship and mutual improvement, advice and sympathy. Young ministers generally present themselves to one or another of our associations, that they may be examined, and go forth to our churches with such certificates of their qualifications as the association may see fit to give them.

In case any difficulty arises in any of our churches between the whole body and any one or more of its members, or between one member and another, — if the church finds itself unable to settle the difficulty, either party in

the quarrel may propose to the other party *a mutual Council*, to be agreed upon between themselves. Such council is usually composed of the ministers and delegates of the churches of the association, if there be one; or of any others that the parties in the difficulty may prefer. If such a mutual council be held, the decision which it may give, after due hearing of the case in question, is binding. In New England, such a decision is *binding in law*.

But if the offer of a mutual council, made by either party, is refused by the other, then the party so refused may call an *ex-parte* council, and summon the other party to appear before it. The decision of that *ex-parte* council is just as binding as that of a mutual council would have been.

Some of our churches have what are called Covenants, which are signed by those who would become communicants at the Lord's Table. Other churches, a few only, admit all persons to partake of that sacrament whose hearts move them so to do; not daring to appropriate to a few any of the means of grace which are proffered to all, and not presuming that the church can judge and decide, so well as the individual, whether he or she is in a right frame of mind to be benefited by that ordinance.

If these replies are not so full as you desire, or if you have any other inquiries to make, please let me hear from you again, assured that I shall be happy to give you all the information I possess. Two years ago, Brother A. D. Mayo, or an association of ladies in his church, published a series of excellent tracts. Among them was one by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, entitled "A Church and its Methods," which it would be well for you and your associates to read and ponder. It is full of admirable suggestions. If you will write to Rev. A. D. Mayo, Albany, and ask for one, he will send it to you with pleasure; or,

if you will enclose to him a number of postage-stamps, he will send you as many copies of the tract, which you can put into the hands of several of those who are about to unite with you in forming a church. God grant that it may be a church builded of "lively stones"!

Yours truly,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

VESPER-SERVICE.

I HAVE read with interest the allusions in our journals to the vesper-service: and I wish to express the satisfaction it has afforded me to see it taking a deeper hold on the minds of our people. This satisfaction arises from a conviction of its utility in meeting a want felt by those in whom the devotional element is so developed, that our usual service seems meagre, and is unsatisfactory. Many of this class, in deciding on their religious course, have felt, on this account, the strongest attraction towards a system, with the *theology* of which they did not sympathize. These have sustained a loss *themselves*, and have deprived the cause of Liberal Christianity of their influence and example.

In the natural re-action of our Puritan ancestors from what was *to them* Roman superstition, even when connected with Protestantism, they felt the greatest care to guard their worship from all superfluous form. This, increased by our New-England practicalism, and preponderance of the speculative over the emotional and affectional, has produced a tone of thought, in relation to public service, which not only gives to the sermon the *chief* place, but almost ignores all that is based on the *devotional* needs of our nature, and is only consistent on the supposition of their existence.

The legitimate tendency of this is to make *worship* an *almost* exclusively *intellectual* performance, the final results of which can hardly be mistaken by those who read the future with the prophetic eye of experience, or knowledge of the past.

The pulpit and the platform are doubtless promoting, under the direction of Providence, one great end, — *the elevation of man;* but their *immediate* work, and the method of operation of each, are quite dissimilar, and, for the greatest efficiency, must be kept so.

Worship, in its true significance, means more than speaking or hearing. It is essentially an act of the individual in the depth of the soul, aided, it is true, by external influences, and finding expression in external forms.

To bow before God with a consciousness of his presence, to pray to him with a belief that he hears us, and to trust him with faith that he will guide us, is the substance and soul, without which all form is a lifeless pageant; and, without this, the best that can be said of public worship is, that it is a respectable usage of society, a convenient meeting-time of human sympathy, or a wise arrangement for the encouragement of public virtue.

There is, too, a growing persuasion, that two ordinary services on the sabbath are not conducive to the *greatest good;* the purposes of each being defeated by the *division*, if not *confusion* of thought, in preparing or listening to two sermons.

The sentiment uttered recently at an installation, by one of our most talented and experienced ministers, "*that no* man ought ever to write more than one sermon a week," is getting to be generally believed. *Indeed* as the conditions of the most successful intellectual labor are better understood, it is seen, that to attempt to produce *too much*, and speak *too frequently*, has greatly lessened the

aggregate of usefulness, and has been the secret of innumerable failures.

Now, these growing sentiments point *naturally* to the vesper-service, as meeting the wants and obviating the difficulty. Let there be an ordinary service in the morning; and then a vesper-service, in which more or less extended extemporaneous remarks may be made as the occasion may suggest, in the evening or near the close of the day, — a time when, above all others, Nature lulls to quiet thoughts, whispers to the soul to return unto its rest, and invites man to raise his heart in worship to *Him* from whom cometh every blessing. With a theology, to the *general* features of which every revelation of science, and advance in culture, is bearing testimony and inclining the religious world, *let us* seek to remove the imputation under which we lie, and which doubtless deters many timid minds from investigation, that our liberality is antagonistic to warmth of devotion, and *our freedom of thought* is but *another name* for critical speculation. Small as we are among the sects, and destitute of a powerful ecclesiastical organization or the prestige of an ancient name, *our calling is yet great, and our position responsible.*

Dogmas and forms of faith which we have long disowned are now losing their hold on the minds of the world at large; while many are asking, "Who shall show us any good?" To be true to ourselves and the views of gospel truth with which we have been trusted, advocating the *broadest* toleration, and saying, both by precept and example, that we recognize the law of harmony to be, in religion as in nature, "variety in unity," is the part we are called to act in this important epoch in Church and State; and, living *thus*, our influence will be felt in its *leavening* effects, and our talent increased by use.

AUTHORITY OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, AND OF JESUS HIMSELF.

AN ESSAY.

THERE is a difference of opinion concerning the authority of Christ, which makes it desirable to examine the subject. This difference of opinion I am disposed to think more apparent than real, and arising, in some degree, from the ambiguity of this word "authority." Those who dislike to apply the character of authority to the teachings of Jesus use the word in one sense: those who contend for this authority often use it in another. The same ambiguity is found in the use of the word in Scripture. It sometimes means one thing, and sometimes a different thing. It is now used in a good sense, now in a bad. When the mother of Zebedee's children asked that they should sit on the right and left of Christ, he took occasion to tell the disciples not to covet such an authority as this. "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise authority over them; but it shall not be so among you." Yet he promises that the faithful servant shall have authority over many cities; and Paul advises Titus to rebuke and exhort with authority.

Let us therefore ask, first, what kind of authority is ascribed to Jesus in that famous passage, where we read, that, after he had delivered the Sermon on the Mount, "the people were exceedingly astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes:" and then, in the second place, we shall be prepared to inquire more generally into the authority of Christ, and its foundation.

1. It is very certain, in the first place, that the authority which astonished the people in the doctrine of Jesus was *not official authority*, — not the authority arising from his

position, office, or warrant as the Messiah, or as a prophet of God. It is very certain that no *official* authority is intended here; because up to this time, and long after this time, Jesus claimed no such authority; did not announce himself as the Messiah; nor disclose even to his disciples, much less to the people, that he was the Christ, the Son of God. Long after this, when Peter professed this faith in him, he strictly charged him that he should tell no man. And again: if the people were astonished at his official authority, the clause "not as the scribes" could not have been added; for the scribes not only claimed official authority in their teaching, but Jesus himself admitted the claim. "The scribes and Pharisees," says he (Matt. xxiii. 2), "sit in Moses' seat. All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." For these two reasons, then, no official authority can be here intended.

2. Still less can any *dogmatical* authority be here intended. There is a kind of teaching which is sometimes called authoritative teaching, which is, in fact, nothing but dogmatism. There is a kind of positiveness which some men have in teaching, — a lordly and oracular manner, a papal assumption of infallibility, — which is far from the simple and open demeanor of Jesus. They love to stand in a high pulpit, elevated above their hearers, as though they were of a different race, and their word was not to be questioned or discussed. Such men are impatient of the least shadow of opposition, and any difference from their mode of explaining truth is equivalent to the most abominable infidelity. Surely we need not stop to show that there was nothing of this about Jesus, — Jesus, who was ready at all times to converse with the humblest individual on the loftiest truth, with the woman of Samaria, with the excommunicated blind man; and who could con-

found the subtle disputers and acute sophists in the fair conflict of reason with reason. There was surely no dogmatism in him who said, "If I do not the works of Him who sent me, believe me not." — "If any hear me, and believe me not, I judge him not: I came not to judge, but to save;" who appealed to the witness of John, the witness of the Father, and the scriptures of Moses: "Believe me for the very works' sake;" "Search the Scriptures;" "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" These are not the words of a dogmatizer; but the scribes *were* dogmatizers.

3. Nor, again, was the "authority" here spoken of merely an external thing, consisting in the style of his discourse or the manner of his delivery. It was not that his manner was commanding, his tones awe-inspiring, and his appearance impressive. The authority lay deeper than this, — in the character of the thought, not of the expression; and, if it appeared in the *manner*, it was only because the *matter* had authority. Undoubtedly, every kind of thought has a phraseology which naturally belongs to it; and we may well suppose that the majestic truth which Jesus uttered gave a majesty to his whole person and presence. But this last is just what would not be noticed; for the truest eloquence always leaves us unable to think of the manner or the delivery, — unable to think of any thing but the subject itself. "They were astonished at his *doctrine*," not at his mode of uttering it.

The authority, therefore, lies in the discourse itself; and we have only to look at it in order to discover its nature.

The thing which strikes us, the moment we look at the Sermon in this view, is the absence of every thing *speculative* and of every thing *traditional*. It consists, not of argument, but of simple *statement*. Just as, in describing

a prospect before our eyes, we would not *argue* that it consisted of such and such objects, but simply *say* that it did; so does Christ describe the spiritual prospect which lies before him. Just as you would say, "In front is a village; on the right, a hill; on the left, a wood; beyond, a river:" so Jesus says, "Blessed are the meek;" "Blessed are the merciful." — "Ask, and it shall be given you." — "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." — "A good tree brings forth good fruit." — "Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven." There is no vagueness, no hesitation, nothing fluctuating or obscure, in this Sermon. It is all full of substance. Jesus sees every thing distinctly, says every thing plainly. He sees the eternal world face to face, and not darkly, as in the mirror of the reflective reason; and so his doctrine is not composed of thin speculation, but is weighty with reality, and bursting with matter.

And as the tone of this Sermon is opposed on one side to logic, so, on the other, it is opposed to tradition. Jesus does not repeat wise maxims of antiquity, or the second-hand opinions of other minds. His doctrine is fresh from the fountain of truth. It is better than learning: it is knowledge. The original and virgin thought always has an authority which does not belong to the choicest terms which echo from the schools. Should we read the most elaborate description which has ever been written of a great natural wonder, — for instance, the Falls of Niagara, — we should turn instinctively from it to listen to the unpremeditated account by one just from the scene. This also gives the charm to an extempore speaker, that he, at any rate, *appears* to give us fresh ideas. This authority has God given to originality, and this authority does the discourse of Christ eminently possess. It is all alive with original insight.

These two points constitute the difference which the people felt between the teaching of Christ and that of their scribes. There was nothing in his discourse which was speculative, nothing traditional; whereas the teachings of the scribes were composed wholly of traditional speculations. Their entire doctrine consisted of the traditions of the elders concerning the law of Moses; and these traditions were barren speculations and idle distinctions, like that which made a difference between an oath by the Temple, and by the money in its treasury; or false morality, like that tradition which permitted children to defraud their parents of what was necessary for their comfort, by dedicating it to religious uses.

The authority of the discourse of Jesus, therefore, was the same in kind with that which always attends a man who speaks from his own knowledge, from personal experience, and who thoroughly understands his subject; who evidently knows, and does not merely conjecture. Such a man will always have authority. Let a number of people be brought together by chance, in the street or in a steamboat: and let one man be among them who evidently knows what he is talking about; who has a practical acquaintance with the subject they are discussing; who does not speak doubtfully, but certainly; not vaguely, but distinctly; not from hearsay, but from personal experience, — and he will have authority; he will be an authority. All will turn to him, listen to him, ask of him, defer to him. No matter how he looks, poorly or well: his thought and intelligence will shine through his rough coat very soon. Nor can the soft raiment long conceal from us the practical insight which did not grow up in king's palaces, but in the conflict and toil of actual life. Do not tell me that educated and intelligent men have not their proper influence in society. If they are *really*

educated, — if they know, not only words and names, but also things, — they cannot help having influence, so they be not afraid to trust their knowledge, nor ashamed to let it pass for just what it is worth, and no more.

A man who has this authority — that of insight — scarcely ever needs any other. Socrates will always have disciples, let him proclaim his ignorance never so often. True as steel to the magnet, mind turns to knowledge, and is fastened to it. We go involuntarily to our teacher; and he can always say to us, "You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you." But, when a teacher does not possess this authority, he is very apt to be always claiming personal authority. I once knew a lecturer who had to enforce his argument every few minutes by saying, "Gentlemen, this I know to be true. If any one understands this subject, I do." If he had understood the subject, it would not have been necessary to say so: it would have been seen.

The discourses of Christ all partake, in the highest degree, of this character of original insight. There is nothing fluctuating, hesitating, or vague, in his sayings. He never fails of saying just what he means, of a full and precise expression of his thought; never too much, never too little. His words touch the centre of the matter always; and must, therefore, always carry with them the authority which belongs to thorough and distinct knowledge.

But now we come to the second part of our inquiry. Was this the only authority which Christ possessed? Is this all that he claimed? Is this all that it is necessary or well for us to ascribe to him?

In answer to the first question, I say, If he did possess this authority, he could hardly help possessing more than this. There is another kind of authority, which, according to the laws of human nature, always follows upon the first,

and accumulates around it. It is natural to ascribe more weight to the words of one by whom we have been enlightened and instructed than to those of a stranger. If there exists one whose words have opened my mind, stimulated my thought, enlarged my views, and removed a cloud of prejudice and error from my intellect, I listen to such a one with a more open and ready interest. I am ready to believe there is truth in what he says, though I cannot immediately discover it. I do not hastily pronounce that, which I cannot understand, to be unintelligible; nor that, which I cannot believe, to be false. This constitutes discipleship. This prejudice in favor of our teacher is both natural and right. It is not right that we should acquiesce blindly in all he says, without examination. But the recollection of past comfort and nourishment inspires us with the hope of gaining more; and, in this way, how often does faith lead to sight, and love to knowledge! Our faith in our teacher gives us the hopeful ardor in the pursuit of truth, which is the best pledge that we shall attain it.

I ask, Is it not necessary for us to ascribe this personal authority also to Christ, in addition to that which is produced by the natural impression of his spiritual insight?

If our intellects were free from prejudice and perversity; if we were always in a natural, candid, and simple state of mind; and if the subject upon which Christ speaks were not deep and high, — it might be sufficient to leave the truth to commend itself by its own inherent evidence to our convictions. But, as this is not the case, we should be always in danger of hastily denying what did not at first seem reasonable, and of passing by what we could not immediately comprehend. But having a confidence in our teacher, founded upon what he has before done for us and for others, instead of rejecting what seems dark or

erroneous, we look at it again and again; and so our errors are gradually corrected, our darkness enlightened, our prejudices conquered. Such a faith as this in our teacher — which is no passive acquiescence, no blind assent, but a stimulus to inquiry — seems to me not only reasonable, but in the highest degree beneficial, and exactly adapted to the situation and wants of man.

Supposing, then, this prejudice in favor of a wise teacher to be natural and reasonable, I ask how far it ought to be carried in the case of Jesus Christ.

The utmost extent to which it could be carried, in any case, would be that of believing our teacher to be *always* right, *never* mistaken, — to be perfectly true and free from the slightest shadow of error. If we have good reason for placing such unlimited confidence in any one, our interest in his teachings, our diligence in studying his words, will be carried to the highest possible degree; and, at the same time, it need not in any measure restrain our freedom, or impose on us a blind acquiescence in what we do not comprehend. The effect of such a perfect confidence in a teacher, then, must be wholly good, when it can be justly entertained.

This faith the Christian Church has always felt for Jesus; looking upon him not merely as a wise and profound teacher, but as perfectly true, perfectly wise; as God's word made flesh; as the unshadowed reflection of God's glory, the undimmed image of God's will, the absolute revelation of perfect truth. From his words, nothing is to be subtracted or added on account of personal or local limitation; no allowance to be made for his age or his circumstances, or for common human fallibility. His words and life are, not an imperfect, but a perfect, revelation of God.

This is my own faith concerning Jesus Christ; and I rest it on the basis of these two arguments: —

1. I think that an unprejudiced survey of what Jesus says of himself will convince us that he meant to teach this of himself. He says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." — "The words which I speak are not mine, but His who sent me." — "I am the Light of the world. He that believeth in me shall by no means walk in darkness," &c. In no one instance does Jesus express the sense of *fallibility;* nowhere does he show the slightest consciousness of the possibility of being mistaken. How is this possible with his entire want of assumption, with his wonderful humility, except he felt convinced that he was not fallible? All other truly wise men have continually declared themselves ignorant and blind. Jesus was truly wise, was truly meek and lowly; yet he never made any such declaration, but always the opposite. Was this enthusiasm? was it self-deception? How could it be? — since then it would be the most glaring that the world ever has seen: for it pervaded the very core of his doctrine; it gave a tone to every word he uttered. Take away that enthusiasm, if you call it so, which gave the tone of calm, undoubting, unhesitating authority to every accent of his lips, and you would have hardly any thing of Christ or Christianity remaining.

2. The impression of his life upon the world shows, that God appeared in him. God has set his seal to his truth, in his words and works, — in his works of power and love. The whole of this influence is connected with this idea of a perfect man and a pure truth. This is why Christianity is something more than philosophy, and something deeper than speculation.

Such then, in brief, is the authority of Jesus: —

1. Authority of insight.
2. Authority of character.
3. Authority of endowment.

HINDOO MISSION.

"CALCUTTA, Feb. 22, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER CLARKE, — More than six hundred pupils have come under our care in the School of Useful Arts since it was opened, in May, 1860. I long to devote myself wholly to these young men, boys, and children, as distributed into three classes, called our senior, middle, and junior pupils; but there is too much work for *one* to conduct alone. The correspondence of the mission would quite fill the time of one man; our postal connection having extended itself, including *all*, to some one hundred and sixty different towns and cities. Again: some time I *must* have for daily study; the opportunities here, especially in my favorite direction, — that of language, — being rich beyond account. The daily incoming journals and newspapers — who can *live* in this busy world, without giving them one or two hours a day? *Multum faciendum est non multa* is, in the case of one so isolated as myself, impossible. I am in danger of doing nothing well, I have so many things to do. Worst of all, I have to *earn* part of the funds to sustain the work, feeble as it is compared with what it should be, and which yearns as a young colt to launch away, and overleap its fences. In Mr. Scott's * balance-sheet, which I sent by the last mail, you will have noticed an item of "cash advanced by Mr. Dall, — rupees, 3,482." This supply came chiefly of two years of (Saturday) reporting for the Legislative Council, or rather for the "Englishman," the doings of the Legislature of British India. Where are our old sub-

* James Scott, please remember, is the senior member of one of the oldest mercantile firms in Calcutta, — that of Purrier & Co.

scribers, who, before the "mutiny" of 1857, were giving, in six months, rs. 1,178 for the mission, and rs. additional, 840, to missions (not all of *our* denomination either) in Madras, Salem, Bali, and Rangoon? Gone, gone, to their graves, or to other parts of the earth. There remain scarcely any American merchants in Calcutta; and they say that they are "very poor." I have lately returned from England full of good things in mind, and partly in chest, for the people we have undertaken to instruct, to strengthen, and to save. I long to set them to work upon many branches of art connected with the press and with letters, by any one of which they could make their fingers and brains deliver them from the presence and pollutions of idols, with which every home is full. I had especially set my heart on our removal to better and more spacious premises this year; but if I must take in private pupils to earn the money, or give myself, as I am invited to do, to reporting for both the Supreme and the Legislative Councils, — or rather the Councils of the Viceroy of India and of the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, — where go my plans of instant and constant contact with a daily circle of a hundred and seventy to two hundred Hindoos, in jealous direction of their studies and their labors?

Will the supplies that have hitherto come from Boston fall off by reason of the war and its financial embarrassments? I trust and hope not. Please tell me all, as promptly and frankly as possible. A very fine building and location, more than double as large and good as our present premises, just now invite our "coming up higher;" but then the rent is double, and will be perhaps more than two hundred rupees a month. Though my boys have, during the year 1861, paid in two thousand and eighty-five rupees, yet I hardly dare rely on their coming to the fine premises in Wellington Square, on which I have a long-

ing look, with not an evil eye, to the full double of those I have now.

Admirable works, as you well know, are being published from year to year on India and her treasures, — ethnological, philological, and religious; and the careful study of such works is, in truth, but the right edging of my implements of labor, — my sickle, my scythe, my broadaxe. It is with the greatest possible difficulty, however, that I can get time to read them. I am luxuriating, just now, in Max Müller's "History of Ancient Sanscrit Literature," — a handsome octavo of six hundred pages. Out of this work, and Colebrooke's Essays, and a few smaller volumes, I have gleaned what little I know of the proper life and spirit of India; but I rob myself of needful rest, in order to get a taste of them at odd intervals. Why cannot some dear, good-souled brother of you rise up, and walk into this golden land of the morning, — this land, not only of the palm and the banana, the pineapple and the pomegranate, the orange and the mango, but of treasures of intellectual beauty and spiritual sweetness also? Here I *must* give you a single snatch out of Max Müller's grand summary of Indian things, and exposition of the Indian mind. He says, "The *active* side of life is still prominent in the genuine poetry of the Rishis; and there still exists in India a certain equilibrium between the two scales of human nature. It is only after the Aryan tribes had advanced southward" (Mem. — The Americans are Aryans *via* Scandinavia), "and taken quiet possession of the rich plains and beautiful groves of Central India, that they seemed to have turned all their energies and thoughts from the world without them to that more wonderful nature which they perceived within. . . . Such was their state when the Greeks first became acquainted with them, after the discovery of India by Alexander. . . . What did these

men, according to Megasthenes, most think and speak about? Their most frequent conversations, he says, were about life and death." (N.B. —'Tis just so *now* among the better sort of young men, who come to me in all the gaps of laboring and school hours.). "This life they considered as the life of an embryo in the womb; but death as the birth to a real and happy life for those who had thought, and had prepared themselves to be ready to die. . . . So they shut their eyes to this outward world of seeming and activity, to open them full on the world of thought and rest. Their life was a yearning after eternity; their struggle, a struggle to return into that divine essence from which this life seemed to have severed them. Believing, as they did, in a divine and really existing eternal Being (τὸ ὄντως ὄν), they could not believe in the existence of this passing world." There is much more to the same effect in this delightful "History of Ancient Sanscrit Literature," written by an almost young man (Müller), who, some months ago, cordially invited Mr. Haldar and myself to spend a couple of days with him at Oxford, and whose bid we accepted for *one* long, unforgetable day, — the last Oxford "Commemoration," or, as we should call it, "Commencement Day." I cannot leave this point, without remarking, that I think the sentences just quoted cast light upon the main point of difference between myself and a portion of the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; or, say, between me and Mr. Hodgson Pratt. We are all personal friends, thank God, in spite of a conscientious difference of opinion as to what a wisely conducted mission in India should be *chiefly* busied about. I say, India chiefly needs: *not* what England most needs; namely, divine *worship*, and the habitual contemplation of God in prayer. India cannot do without prayer: but she chiefly needs divine *labor;* she wants activity more than all else. In

fact, my attempt to realize this thought in the establishment of a School of Useful Arts here, with a view to provide *self-supporting* occupations for all believers in the gospel, — a move which has had greater success, thus far, than I dared to hope, — shows that that good — I had almost said that saintly — man, Rev. John James Tayler, of London, has proved himself as true a prophet as any with Hebrew Scriptures, by saying, "You need give the better minds of India only a chance to be quickened, and made alive and active, and they will cry out for God and his truth. You have then no occasion to press religion upon them (religion as we of the Western World understand it); for they will freely seek it for themselves." This is realized now, day by day, in our school, in the increasing application of "down-stairs pupils" to be allowed to come up, and join our Bible-class.

P.S. — Five were present at Bible-class yesterday, all of whom are intelligent young men, and are committing portions of the New Testament by heart; such as the Lord's Prayer, Sermon on the Mount, Parable of the Prodigal Son, &c. Our attendance at regular Sunday-morning *worship* and *Sunday school* — which two fill the time from ten, A.M., till about two, P.M. — has been, for the four Sundays past (of persons who, of free choice, join in Christian worship with us), as follows: 71, 40, 43, 23. This gives an average attendance of 44, or nearly double what it has been on any previous year. This attendance represents ninety-nine different persons. Our Sunday-school-library books are regularly distributed to some thirty or more, who read English easily and with understanding. Our *daily* attendance varies between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and eighty; and we are preparing six young men in our senior class, first division, for entrance to the university next autumn. Such facts as these are clear and

tangible, and *prove* that positive good *must* be done, especially as all our *reading* in the school (except in the juvenile department) is made of the purest gems of our best Christian literature.

One of my reasons for turning back to Bengal, after the failure of my two or three attempts to reach my native land, and wife and children, was this: *I was too poor*, both in time and money. *I could not afford it.* More than *twice twelve hundred* rupees I had to pay to get back and forth 'twixt England and India. By reporting, lecturing, and preaching on "supply," I contrived to live, and pay my way to and in England. Nor could I have done this, but for a very large-hearted hospitality which greeted me everywhere, in not less than twenty-four or twenty-five different towns of England and Ireland. This being accomplished, "*No more cash*" was the answer my purse made me; and thereupon I turned back, not without tears, to try and save my mission and my means for further business on my post. For this self-denial, God is blessing me with a larger Hindoo and *English* co-operation than I ever had before. The Bretts, the Evanses, the Wilsons, — true English men and women — are *new* laborers with us, or almost so. Ever your brother,

DALL.

P.S. — I cannot help adding to my quotations from Max Müller the following. After comparing the Bhuddistic movement in India, and its struggle against the exclusiveness of the Brahmin priests, to the Protestant fight with Rome, he says ("History Ancient Sanscrit Literature," page 81), "In India, less than in any other country, would people submit to a monopoly of truth; and the same millions who were patiently bearing the yoke of a political despotism threw off the fetters of an intel-

lectual tyranny. In order to overthrow one of the oldest religions in the world, it was sufficient that one man should challenge the authority of the Brahmans, — the gods of the earth, — and preach, among the scorned and degraded creatures of God, the simple truth, that salvation was possible without the mediation of priests, and without a belief in books to which these priests had given the title of Revelation. This man was Buddha Sâkya Muni."

A man of Herr Müller's discernment must know, that, when a solution is ready, *a centre of crystallization*, be it ever so insignificant in itself, — an atom of sand, for instance, — is enough to crystallize the whole. Nevertheless, all honor to Buddha! and honor, too, to human nature or human development in "dead, effete India," where truth, simply stated, has had, and *shall have*, all of its genuine, Unitarian, and regenerating power, if we only believe, love, pray, instruct, and work! If Asia has had her Buddha, — *i. e.*, her *Luther;* and not only a Luther of her Aryan races, but out of her Semitic races a Jesus of Nazareth, — what may we not hope of and in her even proximate future? God help us to believe in it, and in his mighty hand, strong and ready for us as in Moses' day for Moses!

Feb. 22, 1862.

P.S. — The mail goes to-day, — Washington's Birthday! If there be intercession in heaven, he is praying for us to-day. Hindoo gentlemen are just demanding my late (Calcutta) lecture on "England," for publication at *their own cost.* Our school never flourished better, nor have we ever had so large attendances on Sunday. My health is firm; and I *hope*, by *next* mail, to hear of some pecuniary *aid from England.* Ere that, *what* from Washington?

Your brother, Dall.

[JOURNAL SUBSEQUENTLY RECEIVED.]

The war, the war! rings daily and nightly in our ears. We muse and pray and weep over it. Regularly as morning and evening dews, fall now the daily influences of our large and happy school. See, besides some days' extras in my Personal Journal, as follows: —

Sunday, Feb. 9. Thermometer 73° at dawn, and a most refreshing night's rest.

"Let earth be all in arms abroad:
He dwells in perfect peace."

Every available moment to-day was given to preparing my evening lecture. Mr. Evans, though sick all the week, was with us from half-past four to six, P.M., yesterday, and gave eight young men a valuable lesson in book-keeping. Strange to say, — yet not strange either; for Bengalees have, as yet, not strength enough to stick to any thing, — there were only seven attendants, or eight of us in all, this morning, at service, from half-past ten to half-past twelve o'clock. I trust I shall have a far larger attendance to-night at Sattragatchie, that will make up for it. I took this day, for the sermon, Charity: "Now abideth," &c.; "but the greatest of these is charity." It was the third in order, of sermons on Faith, Hope, and Charity. There is consolation in the fact, that, the smaller the number, the deeper may be the impression. Dined at half-past two, and my friends from over the river came for me at half-past four. Dear, brave, Gunga Naraim Pal came at three, and waited, and went over with me, walking up and back from the Howrah Ghat, four miles, over which I was carried in a palkee. We met the Sattragatchie Brotherhood in their village schoolhouse, and had, in all, ninety or

a hundred listeners, — a far better turn-out than I had expected. Subject, "Progress; Going to London; The Path of History in God's World." I gave out some fifty or sixty tracts, and had a good time, and quickened inquiry for truth.

Monday, 10. Thermometer 77° at nine o'clock, A.M. At half-past six to half-past seven, had my pupils in phonics. Then, the Hurkaru arriving, I was not a little glad to see the article (nearly one and a half columns) on Lord Elgin, which I sent yesterday, appear as the editorial *leader* of to-day, — the first time any thing of mine has taken so prominent a place. The twelve rupees' pay will cover the cost of my Rammohun Roy bust, which has just arrived from Bristol by ship "Blackburn;" charges, eleven rupees. An illustration of the singular fidelity of the English post-office reached me yesterday in a return-letter, which I posted to Australia, to J. R. Palfreyman, enclosing one to Rev. G. H. Stanley, in November, 1860. After *sixteen months*' wandering, I get it through the post-office, *free*, back again!

Tuesday, 11. Delightful cooling showers. At half-past seven, went out for a walk; and, at the Government School of Industrial Art, found our new man from Madras (Mr. Webb) turning out a few bad tiles, with three laboring men to help. Brett replies to my note, that fifty rupees a month is the pay allowed for reporting (on Saturdays only) the doings of the Insolvent Court. Mrs. Evans and Annie came to-day at twelve, and staid till two, teaching twelve or twenty boys embroidery, — generous, self-denying English hearts, that love to do good. May God abundantly reward them! Of my three private pupils, the eldest (George Daniel) is bright in whatever requires no discrimination, but blunders wofully in any sum which demands any exercise of thought. He certainly illustrates Mr. Ew-

bank's assertion, that English and half-caste boys are far behind Bengalis (in this part of England's dominion). Was grieved, to-day, to hear of the death of my refined and gentlemanly Juddo, of Behala, by cholera, three weeks ago. He leaves the whole family of eighteen (females, children, and old people) dependent on this younger brother. He also left seventy rupees in hand for them; but they *have given it all* to the heathen ceremonies of the funeral and Shraddhall! I heard last night from M. N. Mookerjea, that Raja Kisto Auddy had called while I was out, to beg I would publish my lecture (at the natives' cost), without the passage which spoke of Sir Mordant Wells; and said, "Live him down, if he speak evil of you falsely." But at sunset, now, he comes, and says (poor frightened children!) that the spirit of the times is such, that they dare not *print it at all.* He agrees that 'tis best so, but says that he offered ten rupees towards the cost of printing it. I tell him there's no better illustration of the truth of the lecture's worst charge against the Bengalese; viz., weakness.

Sunday, 16. The fearful din of idolatry, with its crushing and defiling superstitions, filled the air all last night, — drums sounding, and horns trumpeting forth the praises of false gods and goddesses. (Thermometer, at half-past eight, A.M., stands at 74°, with the air sweet and cool.) For several days, I have been reading lessons, to the whole school, out of Abbott's "Young Christian," — a book that delighted and helped me in my earlier days of college-life; and nothing delights me more, at this time, than the deep attention paid by the hundred and sixty "heathen" youths (so called), who, without at all suspecting it, daily feed on Christ their feeble hearts and starving souls. If starving men are "perishing," surely these are "the perishing heathen;" and 'tis a heavenly joy to watch them, as gladly as

unconsciously feeding on God in Christ. Only ten of us to-day present; and we had among them two of our school-teachers, and a very interesting man, forty-four years of age, a Unitarian Christian, and son of one of the first disciples of William Roberts, sen., named Abel Adam; who came as far as Calcutta with the artist Landseer, but has been taken ill, and so dares not go with him to the Himalayas and Cashmere, but is returning. I gave him a copy of Channing. SERMON: "Give up all to God; Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac."

Monday, 17. These three days — yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow — are days of the foul festival of the Dole Jattra. *Dole* means "dalliance," — the obscene communion and sporting of Krishna and Radhica. Last evening, my ugly, one-eyed Durwan, with feelings strangely contrasted on his part and on mine, brought me a large, polished brass basin, or *chilumchi*, full of Krishna cakes, — native sweet-meats (always disgustingly rich with the bad oil in which they are fried); and, on one side of it, stood a bowl of the Phág, or red powder, which the Hindoos dash at one another about the streets, Carnival-fashion. I could not do otherwise than ask him, gently, why he brought it. "*Horee ka*" (things of the Saviour) was his reply. "Nahin, nahin" (I said), *i.e.*, "No, no;" declining to touch it. And I added the words, "I thank you," — words which he could not understand, and which his own tongue does not afford. He turned, and took away his offering, disappointed; and I turned my head the other way, and burst into tears. Thank God, I have not grown wholly callous to the degrading curse to which the whole of the city is now filthily given up. This day's sun the hottest yet. At dawn, I walked a mile and a half to Police Ghat, and, with a boat, got on board the "Blackburn," a ship from Liverpool. My Rammohun Roy bust is not yet reached:

will send word when I can get it. Back in a palkee; and, soon receiving a request from Rev. Mr. Storrow to send over any articles for the fair of to-day at his house, I took a gharry, and drove to the Wilsons and the Evanses to gather in what our ladies might have finished. Home, and made out a list of all our things that were ready for sale (about thirty rupees), and took them over.

Tuesday, 18. Holiday again, and the last day of the *Dole Jattra*. Last evening, in shade and breeze, the thermometer stood at 87°: this A.M. 'tis 77°. Belgatchie, once Dwarka N. Tagore's splendid country-seat, and now the Rajah Pertap Chr. Singh's, was to have been visited by us, in two or three gharry-loads, this morning; but (just such are Bengalis in most of their appointments) *no soul came*. I was twice over to Rev. Mr. Storrows to hear the result of yesterday's fair, and get our embroideries, &c., remaining unsold; but I missed him both times. I was also at the cabinet-maker's, but to no purpose. Gave most of the day (a holiday) to another article for the Hurkaru. Dr. Halleur, last Saturday evening, told me that his patience with Bengalees was fairly worn out. He had lost many valuable books by lending them to his best pupils in Presidency College. He said he now told them not to come to him for any thing, — no, not for a sheet of paper. He added, that dear old Father Lacroix, after thirty years' devoted labor among them, had died believing them utterly heartless and irreclaimable. Dr. Duff, he added, had now the same feeling. *Lord, increase our faith!*

Dear, faithful Dwaree was with me most of the morning, laboring, with my assistance, to get the school and church accounts of the mission, and my private account, fairly sifted, and written out for exhibition to our auditor, Mr. Scott. Such things consume much precious time.

This day was the day of Lord Canning's departure from India; and I went down to the river-side to see him off. The display was good, yet by no means so good as I anticipated. On the music-ground, I met Capt. Gannett, of the "Panther," who said that Dr. Gannett was more interested than at first in my work, and sent some books to me, or at least intended to send what he, the captain, would have brought me, but that he was not expecting to sail directly to Calcutta. I have had an interview with my landlady, the owner of our mission-house; and she is willing that I should go on to occupy it indefinitely. We have made so many alterations, &c., in order to adapt the building to our wants, that I incline to stay here, particularly as the finer location on Wellington Square, admirable if we could afford it, would more than double our rent. Besides, I have again gotten the refusal of the adjoining building (two large rooms over a coach-house), which we used, when Gangooly resided there, to call the South Wing. Gangooly talks with me about getting a salary for himself, by serving in some (Government) office, and of opening one or more schools in Bali for low-caste children, — a sort of manual-labor schools. He would live seven miles away, and visit them once a week.

Farewell, dear Brother Clarke! You see — do you not? — about how the days run with us, over and above our large daily school of a hundred and eighty to two hundred. Try and arrange a *relief* of two years for your brother DALL.

REPORT OF REV. WILLIAM H. FISH.

To the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

Dear Sir, — About six months since, I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Stebbins, of Woburn, informing me that the American Unitarian Association had voted to me the sum of fifty dollars for services to be rendered as a preacher of Liberal Christianity in my general neighborhood, at Cortland, Central New York; and the following is my brief report of what I have done. I have devoted half my Sundays to this mission, preaching in various towns and villages within a circuit of fifty miles, and to audiences respectable both as to numbers and character. I have preached three Sundays at Canastota, a thriving village on the Central Railroad, and twenty miles east of Syracuse. Here there is a "Free Church," built by friends of Gerrit Smith, but used by them only occasionally. Most of those connected with it are broadly liberal; though some of them have special prejudices against Unitarianism, having known but little of it. I think it a profitable field of labor; and, were I nearer to it, meetings might be sustained there half the time. I have likewise spoken at Dryden, M'Lean, Etna, Peruville, Groton, Carver's Corners, Scott, Blodget's Mills, and Oneida, and at most of these places several times. Dr. Channing's life and writings has been one of the leading themes of my discourses, especially where he is not much known; and sometimes I have spoken on the rise and progress of Unitarianism in New England. But, wherever I have been in the more Orthodox regions, I have seen the necessity of a higher ideal of life than the pulpits are there holding up; and so have endeavored to present one. Orthodoxy still, as a general rule, insists more upon the necessity of belief than character and life, and often excommunicates heresy and indorses immorality. I could present many facts in con-

firmation of this assertion, were this the fitting place. But it should be the work of Liberal Christian teachers to correct the superstitious delusion, — it is so fatal to the progress of true Christianity.

I also received a large box of books through Mr. Stebbins, — Channing's select volume, Perkins's Memoirs, Alger's Cross, and others, — and have put them *all* into families where they will be read with profit, and also *circulated* in many families who never before read any Unitarian writings. I have also circulated a large number of tracts sent to me, and fifty copies of the "Monthly Journal." They have gone into a dozen or more towns; and I have been careful that none of them should lie idle. But for the war, I should have endeavored, and no doubt successfully, to raise something this year for the Association, as a partial return for its generosity; but, under existing adverse circumstances, this will be impracticable.

I feel confident, however, that what matter has been circulated has been judiciously circulated; and that it will pay in its moral returns, if not pecuniary. All of which is respectfully submitted, with a full appreciation of the Association's general liberality, which I have been happy often to set forth fittingly in my sermons and otherwise.

Fraternally yours, WM. H. FISH.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

May 12, 1862. — Present, Messrs. Hedge, Emerson, Lincoln, C. W. Clark, J. F. Clarke, Newell, Barrett, Stebbins, Hinckley, Sawyer, and Fox.

The Committee on the Annual Meeting offered a report concerning the arrangements made for that occasion.

It was then suggested, that it would be well to notify all the members of the Association of this meeting, by printed

notices sent through the mail; but, after some discussion, it was decided expedient to notify in this way life-members only. This conclusion was arrived at on account of the impossibility of reaching a large number of the annual members; their names not being known to the Secretary. It was the unanimous opinion of the Board, that there was too much indefiniteness on the subject of annual memberships; and, as it was not deemed expedient to take any action at that time, it was voted to refer the question to the Executive Committee for the next year, with the earnest recommendation that it be more definitely settled.

The Committee on Western Correspondence presented a letter from Rev. David Millard, of West Bloomfield, N.Y., asking aid for the liberal society in that place: and they recommended that he be informed, that the sum asked for was more than the Association was able to give to any society; but that, if $50 would be of service, they could have that amount. This report was adopted; and Rev. Dr. Stebbins, the Chairman of the Committee, was requested to write the letter, explaining the action of the Board.

The Committee on New-England Correspondence presented an application for assistance from the society in Rowe, Mass.; and reported in favor of an appropriation for their benefit, of $50. The same Committee also recommended the payment of $75 to Rev. Dr. Wheeler's society, in Brunswick, Me. Their report in both cases was adopted.

The Secretary laid before the Board a letter from William A. White, Esq., asking aid for the society in Lancaster, N.H.; and the sum of $100 was appropriated for their benefit.

The different members of the Board reported concerning the responses received to the circulars sent to parishes and pastors; from which it appeared that a great many had not yet been replied to.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. FISKE BARRETT has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in South Braintree, Mass.

THE CONFERENCE OF WESTERN UNITARIAN CHURCHES will meet, this year, at Detroit, Mich.; beginning on Thursday evening, June 19.

Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, D.D., of Philadelphia, has been chosen by the Senior Class of the Meadville Theological School to preach their Graduation Sermon.

Rev. JAMES THURSTON has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Leicester, Mass.

Rev. JOHN BUCKINGHAM has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Pepperell, Mass.

Rev. JAMES HENRY WIGGIN has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Montague, Mass., until April next.

Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., has been invited by the Senior Class in the Cambridge Divinity School to preach their Graduation Sermon.

Rev. HENRY F. EDES has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in North Chelsea, Mass.

Rev. JOHN WEISS, formerly of New Bedford, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Watertown, Mass., for one year.

Rev. RUSHTON D. BURR, formerly of Brookfield, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Uxbridge, Mass.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1862.		
April 25.	From Rev. Dr. Hedge's Society, Brookline, as a donation	$105.78
" " "	Society in Fitchburg, as a donation	68.00
" " "	Society in West Roxbury, for Monthly Journals	16.00

Apr. 28.	From	Society in Taunton, as a donation; including $30 to make Mr. A. K. Williams a life-member		$102.00
„ „	„	Society in Nashua, N.H., as a donation		8.14
„ 30.	„	Barton-square Society, Salem, for Monthly Journals, additional		4.00
„ „	„	Friends in New Brunswick, N. J., as a donation	$23.00	
		For Monthly Journals	7.00	
				30.00
May 1.	„	Society in Sherborn, for India Mission		30.45
„ „	„	Friends in Portsmouth, N.H., as a donation		15.00
„ 2.	„	Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Portsmouth, N.H.		16.00
„ 3.	„	First Parish, Dorchester, for Monthly Journals, additional		3.00
„ 5.	„	Hollis-street Society, Boston, as a donation		75.00
„ 6.	„	Arlington-street Society, Boston, as a donation		384.00
„ 8.	„	Society in Brighton, for Monthly Journals		30.00
„ 9.	„	Society in Yonkers, N.Y., as a donation; including $5 to complete life-membership of Mr. Cyrus Cleveland		11.00
„ 10.	„	Society in Greenfield, for Monthly Journal, additional		1.00
„ 12.	„	Society in Woburn, as a donation		30.00
„ „	„	Society in North Andover, as a donation		28.95
„ „	„	a friend in Boston, for general purposes, $50.00		
		For Meadville Theological School	50.00	
				100.00
„ 15.	„	Rev. E. C. Town, to make himself an annual member		1.00
„ 16.	„	Society in Cohasset, for Monthly Journals		14.00
„ „	„	Society in Fall River, for Monthly Journals		17.00
„ 19.	„	Society in Fair Haven, for Monthly Journals, additional		1.00
„ 21.	„	Rev. R. R. Shippen's Society, Worcester, as a donation		35.63
„ „	„	Society in Beverly, as a donation		61.00
„ „	„	Society in North Chelsea, for Monthly Journals		6.00
„ „	„	Society in Walpole, N.H., for Monthly Journals, additional		2.00
„ 22.	„	Society in Belfast, as a donation		36.00
„ „	„	Ladies of the First Parish, Dedham, to make their pastor, Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey, a life-member		30.00
„ „	„	Rev. Ed. E. Hale's Society, Boston, as a donation; including life-membership for Mrs. Emily P. Hale, Mrs. Eleanor St. B. Eustis, and Henry P. Kidder, Esq.		360.00
„ 23.	„	Society in Syracuse, N.Y., as a donation		44.00

ARMY FUND.

	Already acknowledged	$1,377.37
May 16.	From Society in Westford	13.53
		$1,390.90

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of American Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
Horatio Alger, Jr.	Cambridge.
John B. Beach	Meadville, Penn.
La Fayette Bushnell, care of "Christian Inquirer,"	New York.
F. L. Capen . . . Care of Barnard Capen, Esq.	Boston.
William Cushing	Clinton.
J. H. Fowler	Cambridge.
Merritt E. Goddard	Cambridge.
John W. Hudson	Springfield.
John M. Marsters	North Cambridge.
Lyman Maynard	Milford, Mass.
John Orrell	Boston.*
George Osgood	Kensington, N.H.
J. M. Peirce	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
D. H. Ranney	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
James Richardson	Boston.*
Ed. G. Russell	Cambridge.
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Livingston Stone	Cambridgeport.
L. G. Ware	Boston.*
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
George A. Williams	Deerfield.
Martin W. Willis	Nashua, N.H.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.
J. C. Zachos	Cincinnati, O.